

**COST  
IS  
ALL  
WE  
WANT!**

**YOU CAN BUY ALL  
Winter Clothing, Dry Goods,  
BOOTS, SHOES,  
and HATS,  
FROM US REGARDLESS OF PROFIT.  
WE ARE CLOSING OUT SUCH GOODS AT COST.  
PIERCE-YANDELL-GUGENHEIM CO.  
INCORPORATED.**

## LAND OF BLUE GRASS

Editor Watterson Sings of the  
Glories and Beauties of  
Our Great State.

In the big Kentucky edition of the Courier Journal, Mr. Watterson had the following characteristic editorial:

"We had a gay time; me and another elegant gentleman from Kentucky; a gentleman from Virginia; a fellow from New York, and a son-of-a-gun from Boston."

"Remember who you are, Jack; remember that you are a Kentuckian, pay the bill and shoot the son-of-a-gun."

Of all the States among the galaxy of States, the State of Kentucky possesses an individuality, it may be said, a commonwealth, the most picturesque and at the same time the most impressive. It is the one member of the American Union which is known all over the world. From the beginning this distinction began to manifest itself, and with each succeeding generation there has been something, often many things, to maintain the original reputation. There has been no time these hundred years that the "dark and bloody ground" has not had a vogue in current American literature, or a place upon the contemporary stage of America. The early pioneers were succeeded by a race of unsurpassed statesmen and orators, not yet, let us hope, wholly extinct. Boone and Kenton made way for Clay and Crittenden, and when we come to the muster-roll of our heroes in the senate and on the field, we are obliged to deal with families, and to speak of the Shelys, the Johnsons, the Hardins, the Letchers, the Butlers, the Masons, the Browns, the Breckinridges, the Marshalls, the Prestons, the Wickliffes, the Moreheads, the Underwoods, the Metcalfes, the Witherspoons, and before one gets through half the list, the head is dizzy and the breath almost exhausted.

Old Air Turockmorton's description of Henry Clay, who, "whether before the courts of Europe or in the senate of the United States, or at a card table, was always Captain" is typical of the species. The "blue-grass" belt by no means limits the species, though the typical Kentuckian flourishes there in greatest luxuriance. But from the fat lands of the Purchase through the Pennyroyal of the Green River Principalities, even to the Highlands of the Big Sandy, where the squinch owl squincheth and the whangdoodle mourneth, and the Hatfields and McCoys hold high carnival, he abounds, with varying features, but ever the same spirit. Half Gascon and half Saxon, with a dash of the Corsican, the Kentuckian needs no placard upon his back as he strolls down the Strand in London, or along the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. He carries his letter of introduction in his face; his passport in his very gait. That face is a symphony in self-confidence, that gait is the perfection of graceful motion. You recognize him at once as a Kentuckian, and you say to him, "Excuse me, pardon—but I'm from God's country myself—let's go in and have something." You would never venture to take such a liberty with a well-dressed New York man, or a ruffian-shirred Virginian, even if by the peculiar cut of his jib you chanced correctly to place him. Yet the Kentuckian is not a man to be lightly taken and indiscriminately slapped upon the shoulder. His clothes are the latest London mode. (He has an air of assured position nowhere lower than that of the heathenest Englishman. But there is in his swagger an easy grace, like a jockey on a thoroughbred, wholly wanting in the dull uniformity of English swagger. There is in his haughty

ruddy but self-possessed glow of good humor—an unsuspecting geniality, upholstered by too many layers of self-complacency and defended by too full an arsenal of ready tact, and in cases of emergency, other appliances for maintaining his personal dignity, to apprehend unwelcome liberties—the sublimity of real disdain—never attained even by the nobles of the Regime Ancien. He does not in the least resemble an Irishman; and yet he has much of Irish wit and impudence. He is just a Kentuckian, sir,—damn me!—and he is not ashamed of it, sir; if you think that he is, try him and see.

But the Kentucky woman! (Who is that saying, "now you are playing cards?") The Kentucky woman has not her like on the face of the globe. Journey through the bluegrass country and a plain girl is the exception; an ugly one impossible. There is something in the blue of the grass that makes blue of the blood; something in the limestone water that vitalizes and beautifies all physical life. Look at the horses. Look at the horsemen. But the women; there isn't a farm house that can't produce a woman whom, if she should step thence upon a throne, wouldn't stand there; or sit there, as if she were born to it. They are quite as self-confident as the men, though after a different pattern. They have beauty and health; they have charm; they have style; they have quick perceptions, and they catch the fleeting fashions of the time—they dress well, walk well, ride well, and if you think they were not born to reign as well as to shine—marry one of them!

The horses are well enough. They set the pace the world over. The whiskey is well enough. Drink it in moderation, and with sugar in your'n, as we drink it, it yields a liberal education. The tobacco is well enough. They smuggle it into Havana, and whilst it has made Cuba's fame—a distinction we can afford the Queen of the Antilles—it brings us an income which makes the cotton planters weep and the very sugar canes to bow their heads in homage. Yet, after all, our crowning glory is the Kentucky woman; and, whether she sweeps down Broadway on a sunny October afternoon, beating London and Paris out of sight, and blinding Father Knickerbocker's eyes with her radiance, or whether she rides cross country, taking Elkhorn at a leap, or bewitching the headwaters of Eagle, in simple calico, she wears the blue ribbon; nor English rose; nor German statue; nor Star of the North; nor bird of Paradise can make her so take the second place!

But enough of this. Kentucky has glory enough and to spare. History bristles with her statesmen, her soldiers and her orators. Tradition blazes with the deeds of her daughters and her sons. In the matter of pedigree, man and brute, we are equally secure. In days when prowess was the rule and measure of civilization, Kentucky led the van. But times change and men must change with them. The days of splendid barbarism have gone. They have gone never to return. The Kentuckian of the Twentieth century must adapt himself to the Twentieth century.

The English people are not less a brave people because they have laid aside their side arms. They have not degenerated because they compel by public opinion the laws to be enforced. Nor shall we be if we follow their example. We need to hang a few more Judges and a few less niggers; that is to say, we need to put stern men on the bench and better men in the jury box. Never mind that buck-jumping demagogue up in Cincinnati. He is the merest seeker after popularity and notoriety. Our duty to the commonwealth and to ourselves remains ever the same; and if we are true to both—true to Kentucky—we shall begin to cast about how to wipe out the one blot on our escutcheon, disregard of law and indifference to the good opinion of mankind.

## NOTHING NEW IN THIS.

The Green Goods Game in Livingston County Before the War.

[Clinton Democrat.]

In 1882, while the editor of the Democrat was engaged in publishing the Beacon, at Columbus, in this county, the late Judge E. I. Bullock, grandfather of the editor, contributed a series of articles to the paper under the title of "Bench and Bar of Jackson's Purchase." These articles were of a reminiscent character and attracted considerable attention at the time, as Judge Bullock touched upon many incidents familiar to the older citizens and introduced the names of many well known lawyers, judges and other citizens, some of them still living, and many of them dead but not forgotten.

In the first communication printed we find the following allusion to a trial in Livingston county early in the '50's, which goes to show that "splintering" was the original "green goods" game:

In conclusion of this communication I will recall an incident of a trial in the county of Livingston—the only one worth remembering—which occurred during the short period which I practiced at the bar. I was then the attorney for the commonwealth in this district, and prosecuted a man named Smith, for passing counterfeit money on old man Watts. During the trial, prominent among those who were active in endeavoring to procure a conviction was a Mr. —. His zeal in the prosecution attracted the attention of the judge, myself and other members of the bar, and we concluded that he, too, had suffered at the hands of the prisoner. The prisoner was found guilty by the jury, and when brought up for sentence Judge Fowler asked him the customary question whether he had any legal reason to assign why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced.

Amid profound silence of a crowded court room, the man arose and said, with a smile on his countenance noticed by all:

"Judge Fowler you know me well; we live close together. I am not guilty of the crime of which I am charged; but I reckon I ought to go to the penitentiary for something else I have done."

"How is that," said the judge.

"Why," said Smith, "I splintered a man once."

"Splintered a man!" said the judge, "I do not understand you; explain yourself."

"I will," said Smith, "if your Honor will give me leave."

The judge bowed his head and the man proceeded:

"Judge, it has been believed in Smithland that I passed counterfeit money, and kept it for sale. I never had any counterfeit money, but made my profit out of that belief, as I will tell you. One evening a man (he is here in the room and knows all about it) came to me on the river bank and said, 'Smith, have you counterfeit money to sell?' I said yes. (He's here; he knows all about it.)" and the peculiar wag of his head and glance of his eye pointed out this Mr. —, who had been so conspicuous in the prosecution.

"The man said, 'I want some.' Says I, 'how much?' Says he, 'how do you sell it?' Says I, 'two for one.' 'Very well,' says he, 'I want \$500.' Says I, 'all right, you can have it.' (He's here and knows all about it.)" Another wag of his head in the same direction. "Come to my house after dark and let no one see you. Bring \$250 in good money and we will trade." At that we parted. And

punctually after dark came my man. (He's here.) I went to the draw and got out \$500 and laid it on the table. He examined each bill by the light of a lamp. Says he, 'Smith this is the best counterfeit I ever saw.' Says I, 'that's the sort I always keep.' Says he, 'I could pass this anywhere.' I could pass it on Givens; I could pass it on the bank.' Says I, 'course you could; I done it off.' Says he, 'I'll take it,' and he handed me over \$250 in bank bills. These wrapped my money up in a piece of brown paper and put it in my pocket saying, 'now before you get this money from me you must take an oath.' Says he, 'all right; proceed.' and I swore him that he would deny it; that he would deny it before any court of justice—before his God—his wife—and would deny it before my face that he ever did receive from me one dollar of counterfeit money. Then I said to him, 'let's take a walk' and we went out and walked up the hill, judge, towards your house. Soon discovered that he was impatient to return, so I stepped to one side and slipped a piece of brown paper, holding it, under a splinter. He saw me do it, and after he had walked some distance he left me, and I saw him go and slip the brown paper from under the splinter and put it in his pocket."

By this time the interest of the crowd in the court room had intensified, so that profound silence prevailed, and every one was intent to hear the conclusion.

With the smile still on his face, he turned the glance of his eye in the direction of his victim and then continued:

"The next morning I met him on the river bank; he said to me, 'Smith I never got any money from you last night!' 'What,' says I, 'what do you mean?' Says he, 'I mean that there was not a d—d cent in that paper I never got a dollar.' Says I, 'you'll do. You can come again, I see you are one of those who will stand by your oath. You swore you would deny it to my face, and as you have done so you can come again and get as much as you want on the same terms.'"

Then, amid the universal burst of laughter the prisoner took his seat.

And now the sequel: This man served out his term in the penitentiary, and while there worked successfully in rock and marble. At the end of his term he returned to his home in Smithland, commenced work, and the first job he got was from Mr. Watt, on whom he passed the counterfeit money. The next was from Judge Fowler, who tried and sentenced him, and after this he came to Columbus in a boat with marble monuments and I employed him to erect one for me, at the head of the grave of my son John, where it now stands. Smith is yet living, and has, by his industry and honest course, obliterated all recollection of his crime, and commands the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Let the reader draw the moral.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Cough and Diarrhea Remedy," says Edward Shumplik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years, and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by J. H. Orme.

**Green Acquitted.** Jane Green, who confessed the killing of Line Simms at Providence, an account of which was published in the Press last week, was on trial acquitted. It appeared that Simms, without provocation, fired upon Green, who immediately returned the fire, with fatal results.

## THE BLACK SNOW.

Indians Investigate the Phenomena and Declare It to Be Insects.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 17.—Professors Charles A. Roberts, of the English High School and Oscar Brent of the Medical Board, have investigated the Black Snow phenomena of last Saturday and find that that which has been pronounced dust was really animalcules containing pigment.

This black pigment stained the water in which it was boiled, and stained the hands the hands of the experimenters so that ordinary soap would not cleanse them. When separated from the water and dried, the matter burned quite freely.

The professors disagree in defining the animalcules. Prof. Robertson declares them to be very minute tadpoles and Prof. Brent declares them winged insects, thoroughly covered with tiny feathers. The minute specks had life, and had but two perceptible joints in the back.

## A DISTRESSING DEATH.

Guy Laffoon, Son of Hon. Polk Laffoon, of Madisonville. Killed While Coupling Cars.

Madisonville, July 16.—Guy Laffoon, a son of Hon. Polk Laffoon, employed as brakeman in the service of the L. & N. railroad was killed at 10:30 o'clock tonight at Empire, a small station near Crofton. He was on the through freight, running from Earlinton to Nashville, and at the time of the fatal accident was engaged in coupling cars. He was caught between two cars and fatally wounded internally. The unfortunate young man was taken immediately to Crofton where medical aid could be had, but he died one hour later.

Mr. Laffoon had barely attained to his majority, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His remains will be brought to and interred at this place. The critical condition of his mother's health makes his death all the more distressing.

## Pardoned to Be Hung.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 17.—A rather unusual pardon was granted at the executive office today. The man pardoned was George McGee, the Louisville convict, colored, who is confined in the county jail under sentence of death for the murder of a fellow prisoner. The offense for which the pardon is granted is not that for which he is to die, but that of malicious cutting, for which he was serving a five year sentence. The pardon was issued in order to allow the death sentence to take its course.

It is probably not the coldest weather you ever knew in your life; but that is how you feel just now, because past sufferings are soon forgotten and because your blood needs the enriching, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—that most superior medicine.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering, and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by J. H. Orme.

## NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

The Trend of Kentucky Editors' Minds.

With the death of the Carlisle currency bill, the Carlisle presidential boom also expires. The Democratic party can afford in the future to touch nothing connected with this lamentable administration.—Owensboro Messenger.

What we need just now is an Andrew Jackson in the White House, an Andrew Jackson in the Senate, and an Andrew Jackson in the House and about six million Andrew Jacksons spread out over the United States. Democrats in Congress would soon get together under such conditions.—Owensboro Inquirer.

The man who loses interest in politics generally loses his principles along with it.—Glasgow Times.

There are many men who are anxious for Capt. Stone to enter the race for governor that would not be so if they thought he could get the nomination. He has always been in the way of a few men of this district and they never lose an opportunity to place him farther and farther out of the way.—Benton Tribune.

Texas' 300 lb. Hogg is going to start a newspaper and sit down hard upon his enemies. Oh Lord!—Louisville Times. Will he edit it with a Hogg pen.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Editor Pike, of the Cadiz paper, thinks Capt. Stone is the only Democrat who can lead the party to victory in the coming State campaign. Do you suppose this is a case of "Pike's pique" at the other fellows.—Clinton Democrat.

The fact that Capt. Stone was defeated for renomination for congress in the First district, doesn't of necessity carry the implication that he would not make a strong race for governor in the district and in the state. The fact that he was known to be casting his eyes towards the governorship and the U. S. Senatorship contributed in some measure to his defeat for congress. Candidly, we do not believe he will be nominated for governor, if he runs, but the facts should be stated all the same.—Clinton Democrat.

Serious floods threaten portions of Arizona.

The explosion of a sawmill killed fourteen at Alto, Tex.

A bill is before the Indiana legislature to make prize fighting a felony.

The heaviest snow for years is reported in the rocky mountains.

An Anarchist stabbed to death the public prosecutor of Milan, Italy.

Ninety-two men lost their lives in a mine disaster at Audley, England.

Miss Mary Stevenson, daughter of Vice President Stevenson, died Friday.

Gen. Wei, of the Chinese army, was beheaded because of his cowardice.

Two million dollars in gold was shipped from New York to Europe Saturday.

Speaker Crisp has been forced to leave Washington on account of failing health.

An Italian ship is thought to be "running a blind tiger" off the coast of South Carolina and Gov. Evans is mad.

At Fairmount, Minn., Sam. G. Hotelling shot and killed his wife, her mother and father, and the officers killed him in attempting his arrest.

Singers and public speakers find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable. It never fails to cleanse the throat and strengthen the voice.

## Statement of the Condition of MARION - BANK, OF MARION, KY. At the Close of Business Dec. 24, '94.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$36,016.89
Due from Banks	12,728.38
Furniture Fixtures and Real Estate	9,800.00
Cash on Hand	7,947.28
Total	\$66,492.55
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$20,000.00
Deposits	44,460.88
Surplus and Profits	2,031.67
Total	\$66,492.55

I certify that the above statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. THOS. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, by Thos. J. Yandell, Cashier, Dec. 31, 1894. R. L. MOORE, Notary Public.

## FURNITURE.

We carry a big stock of all kinds of household and kitchen furniture, such as

Bed Steads, Bureaus, Wash Stands, Chairs of all Kinds, Safes, Etc., Etc.,

**WE ARE SELLING AT  
Hard Time Prices!**

This is the best time you ever saw to get goods of this kind.

We carry a big stock of coffins, all sizes and prices, burial robes and slippers. We have a good hearse, and are ready at all times to answer calls.

**Walker & Olive,  
MARION, KY.**

D. T. BYRD, President.  
J. W. RICE, Vice-President.

EDWARD RICE, Cashier.  
J. C. ELDER, Jr., Asst. Cashier.

## Fredonia Valley Bank,

ELSEY, KENTUCKY.

**CAPITAL STOCK \$15,000.00.**

Furnishes unsurpassed safety to depositors. A Bo his imes Look Burglar Proof Safes, Fire Proof Vaults.

Correspondents: Bank of Commerce, Louisville, Ky. Phoenix National Bank, New York, N. Y. Old National Bank, Evansville, Ind.

All kinds of legitimate banking business transacted. The accounts and patronage of the public solicited. Special attention given to collections.

DIRECTORS:—D. T. Byrd, J. W. Rice, M. B. Lowery, W. C. Ross, S. E. Campbell, J. C. Elder, Jr., Secretary.

**Will Commence Business January 24, 1895.**



# S. D. HODGE & CO.

of every American citizen—liberty, would take the Bible out of your homes, and would leave you in the galling chains of ignorance and superstition which has followed in the wake of the most terrible religious intolerance that earth has ever known. Song and prayer are excellent auxiliaries to the Bible, in cultivating a religious sentiment in our schools.

When I say that morals and religion should be prominent in our schools, I do not mean sectarianism, the pure spirit of God's Word. We can learn by the history of the

[CONTINUED TO THIRD PAGE.]







## DEDICATED.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

how we gained our freedom. Learning actuated Jefferson to write that Declaration of Independence which seems to have been written with a martyr's blood and dried by the sunshine of liberty.

Monarchies are all founded upon ignorance, maintained by beastly ignorant law. An unenlightened man can not know the blessings of liberty, for he hasn't the learning to appreciate it. In this country there are no titles of nobility; no blood royal; no Lord, save He who rules the stars. Learning, schools, have made it so that a well digger may climb from his humble position to the Chief Magistracy of this great nation. In this land liberty and schools have made it so that the boy who walks upon the meadow which bears its oiled bosom to the sun, and drives the cows to the barn, stands a chance to rise with a rapidity that emulation would rather rejoice at than envy, above the who walks upon floors of a noble and gold and dwells within frescoed walls.

It was he who sleeps in the bosom of Mt. Vernon, where the passing waters of the blue Potomac sing sweet requiems to his memory, who said: "Educate your children and your country is safe."

Learning enabled Homer, a poor, miserable beggar, to create a Heaven with his own celestial genius, and to climb upon its loftiest apex, and crystallize in sweetest song the fall of Iliad.

Learning enabled Ryan to fold in symphonies sweet and dim the "Conquered Banner," and pass it to meet the warrior's soul beyond the stars, and pour the oil of the olive branch upon the hearts of the soldiers.

Learning enabled Esop to throw off the chains of slavery and to write his great Fables and give life to his name after death.

Garfield was peasant born. Learning enabled him to go from a common canal hand to the Presidency of sixty million people.

Learning enabled Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer, with but a loaf of bread under his arm, to go as American Ambassador to France, draw lightning from the clouds, and challenge the admiration of the whole world with his philosophy. The Hero, Patriot, Saint and Philosopher lie hid in the Plebian, but learning will bring them out; its diamond that scratches every other stone.

Learning guides the pen of the patriot, animates the orator in the blaze of eloquence, guides the mind in the august toils of stately council, maintains the majesty of the law, illumines the dark roof of poverty; aye, it can lighten the fetters of the slave.

Alexander Stephens, standing upon the steps of the Treasury building in Washington City, gazed down Pennsylvania avenue, looked upon the great capital of this country; he saw its great and mammoth walls hide the western sun and shade all Washington; he saw its silken flag with its proud stars set in all the hues of heaven; he said to himself, "There, there is the safeguard of America." But coming to the South, he passed by a common school house, the children were at play; there was Plebian and Prince; the school was called to order, he heard them recite, he saw learning dispense like God does the dew; he said then: "No not in towering Washington, but here, here, in these walls is the true American safeguard."

This is the grandest, most glorious government 'neath the sun. Our progress is unequalled; we take a few grains of sand and read the stars; imprisonment strange thing called steam and make it roll the giant wheels of commerce to gain its liberty; one man may over the telephone talk with his fellow in whispers miles away.

We have borrowed from heaven its lightning and chained it under the mighty deep, and let nation talk to nation. Her sons a I boast freedom, from the frozen cycles of the ice geome North to the glittering dews of the sunlit South. Learning will maintain it. Our flag will ever unfold its stars fanned by a breeze of liberty. "Here, here is the land of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serener lights And milder moons enparadise the nights. For us kind nature wakes her genial powers, Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower, For us the mines a thousand treasures bring, For us health gushes from a thousand springs, The suns to light us rise Our foot-stile earth, our canopy the skies."

### Some Reminiscences.

Mr. C. S. Nunn said: Mr. President, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Reminiscences—I have been wondering why I have been selected to talk on this aged subject. It has always been the old residents whom I have heard talk of the Forties and the good times before the war. I know my career for the last few months has been very eventful and rather significant, but I can not believe it has rendered me a fit subject for the child of to-day to look to for the tales and incidents of the

early days of Marion school life.

Laying aside the matter of age, however, if attendance at school in Marion is a test of proficiency in this respect, why then I am in every way qualified; for if there ever was a boy in this section went to school longer, and hated to quit less, or went more unwillingly, and left with greater alacrity, I have never heard of him.

My memory is crowded full of incidents, as well as accidents which occurred and happened during this long embryonic period.

My first notion of a school was that it was a kind of flower garden of a place, where the children just come in from every direction for the fun there was in it, and there was a fellow they called a teacher who watched over them, and kept off the "boogers" and drunk men; it was also his duty to suggest and start new games and forms of amusement when the old

school house was always out of fix rope broken, bucket in the well, all the water out of it or a rat in it, one or the other, or all at a time nearly all the time. This distressing state of affairs necessitated a long trip, about a square, of an hours duration to the public well for every bucket of water. A camel only drinks more water than school boys, consequently we were always carrying water. All were anxious to make the journey, but I was especially fortunate and helped carry barrels of water. You know the great distance rendered frequent rest essential. We utilized the rests in putting the water into mud balls, and also in practicing chewing and smoking tobacco. This thing of chewing and smoking didn't taste so good as it looked good, and it did not look so good as it looked manly, and to be a grown up man is the sole aim of every boy; he is never contented till he gets to be one, and again ever then. We also used these spare moments in swearing dire vengeance, and forming serious and solemn compacts of war against the teacher.

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The proudest moment of my life was when I had been singled out from a dozen eager hungry boys and made the recipient of the daintiest morsel that ever pleased a palate. This boy went to the center of the play ground and held high above his head a juicy red apple; he never said a word, but all understood it; we rushed up, he leaped and tantalized me the apple and generously gave me the core as I reached my hand in a little further than the others. When I grew larger I took apples to school, while disdainfully to eat the core was liberal enough to give it to the youngsters. I never did and never will refuse to give a boy an apple core.

I never felt more self-important, however, than when I got big enough to carry water if another boy about my size helped me lift. The well at

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Alexander Stephens, standing upon the steps of the Treasury building in Washington City, gazed down Pennsylvania avenue, looked upon the great capital of this country; he saw its great and mammoth walls hide the western sun and shade all Washington; he saw its silken flag with its proud stars set in all the hues of heaven; he said to himself, "There, there is the safeguard of America." But coming to the South, he passed by a common school house, the children were at play; there was Plebian and Prince; the school was called to order, he heard them recite, he saw learning dispense like God does the dew; he said then: "No not in towering Washington, but here, here, in these walls is the true American safeguard."

This is the grandest, most glorious government 'neath the sun. Our progress is unequalled; we take a few grains of sand and read the stars; imprisonment strange thing called steam and make it roll the giant wheels of commerce to gain its liberty; one man may over the telephone talk with his fellow in whispers miles away.

We have borrowed from heaven its lightning and chained it under the mighty deep, and let nation talk to nation. Her sons a I boast freedom, from the frozen cycles of the ice geome North to the glittering dews of the sunlit South. Learning will maintain it. Our flag will ever unfold its stars fanned by a breeze of liberty. "Here, here is the land of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serener lights And milder moons enparadise the nights. For us kind nature wakes her genial powers, Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower, For us the mines a thousand treasures bring, For us health gushes from a thousand springs, The suns to light us rise Our foot-stile earth, our canopy the skies."

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I believe all these things are but a part of the experience of every boy. They are the greenest, freshest, and brightest spots on memory's pages. Even the address that is past seems sweeter than the pleasures of the present. The snubbings and drubbings all forgiven and forgotten. Yes, it is the brightest, not the darkest that looms up as we look back. The sunshine casts no shadows on the past. I suppose it is the glamor of things that make real old people talk such nonsense about the days when they were young. The world appears to be a very different sort of place then, and things were as like what they ought to be. As for the wonderful deeds done in those times it takes three strong men to believe half of them. It always has and always will be the same old folks sang our grandfathers the same song, and we will likewise aggravate our children's children. As for me the world is a most agreeable sort of a place: "The good of ancient times let others state, I think it lucky we were born so late."

We are so comfortable situated in such a lovely community; blessed and surrounded by all the conveniences that God has given man, and where, by the work of a board of noble and self-sacrificing trustees, backed up and endorsed by a set of intelligent and public-spirited citizens, the coming generation are favored with all the advantages that wealth and worth can command. They have given your children resources that will endure as long as life endures—an education whereby habits will be formed that time will ameliorate, not destroy—placed within their reach occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible.

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## ELECTROPOISE

### CURES DISEASE.

The Electropoise gave me complete relief from excruciating pain in three applications. I also find it good for treating children for their numerous ailments.—C. T. Soden, with Bridgeford & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. G. W. Flint, of Skylight, Ky., says: "I suffered for years with my kidney, inflammation of the bladder, and enlargement of the prostate gland. After a short trial of the Electropoise I am entirely relieved and feel twenty years younger."

I have derived more benefit from the use of Electropoise than from all other remedies combined. I think it the greatest invention of the age. It can not be praised too highly.—Mrs. M. E. Gorman, Sadieville, Ky., August 20.

John H. Davis, Esq., of Barbourville, Ky.: "The Electropoise is the best all around doctor I know of; my wife suffered from the effects of influenza for several years; also a complication of other ailments. Now she is entirely well. Indigestion bothered me a great deal. Am now well. One of my neighbors is using it new for lung trouble, and reports an improvement."

As a curative agent the Electropoise can not be equaled. Nearly one thousand have been put out from this office in the last three months.

Electropoise put out on trial for four months for \$10. Send for particulars.

DUBOIS & WEBB, 509 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Clapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. K. Woods.

FOR SALE:—A house of nine rooms, good out-houses, berries, grapes etc., and 27 acres of land, situated at Salem, Ky. Will sell at a reasonable price. Apply to Mrs. E. E. BROWNING, Salem, Ky.

FARM FOR SALE. I have a farm of 125 acres, lying on Flatlick creek, Crittenden county, Ky., that I want to sell. It is well improved and has plenty of lasting water on it. Terms easy. Come and see me. 2m W. C. WATSON.

Guaranteed Cure. We authorize our advertising agents to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at H. K. Woods drug store. 50c. and Large size \$1.00.

For Rheumatism I have found no thing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. Young, Liberty, Va. The prompt relief it affords is alone worth many times the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by Moore & Orme.

ANYWHERE! EVERYWHERE! SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS ON SALE VIA THE Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern RAILROAD.

To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia, To the Lakes and Woods of the North, To the Seashore and the Ocean, TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS — IN THE — UNITED STATES AND CANADA AS WELL AS TO THE

Pleasant Spots near Home: GRAYSON SPRINGS, DAWSON SPRINGS, COTTRELL SPRINGS, CLEVELAND SPRINGS, Famous for their Social, Healthful, and Economic Advantages.

LOCAL SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS are on sale between all stations within a distance of fifty miles, and WEEK END TICKETS will be sold to Louisville, Memphis and Paducah, from points in the vicinity of those cities.

Rates, schedules and all information regarding a trip in any direction will be furnished on application to any agent of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R. and any one requiring books, pamphlets or any advertising matter, describing any particular resort or resorts, can procure same by writing to any of the following:

T. DONOVAN, Ticket Agent, PADUCAH, KY. G. B. LYNN, Ticket Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY. HOWARD HOLLY, Ticket Agent, CINCINNATI, OHIO. W. A. SHREVE, Ticket Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY.

G. A. BRIDGES, Ticket Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY.

When only was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Commissioner's Notice. To Claimants, All persons having claims against the estate of Daniel Stone, deceased, are directed by order of the Crittenden circuit court to file the same, properly proven, with me on or before the 1st day of March, 1895; and all persons failing to file such claims on or before that date shall be barred from the collection of their said claims.

A. Wilborn, Master Com'r C. C. C.

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A. C. MOORE, JNO. A. MOORE, MOORE & MOORE, Attorneys at Law, MARION, KY.

Will practice in all the courts of Crittenden and adjoining counties. They will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections. Office over Marion Bank.

I. W. BLUF, JR., W. J. DEBOE, BLUE & DEBOE, Attorneys at Law, MARION, KY.

Will practice in all courts of the state. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their care. Office in brick building on public square.

C. H. JAMES, O. M. JAMES, James & James, LAWYERS, MARION, - KENTUCKY.

Practice in the courts of Crittenden, and adjoining counties, and in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

CRUCE & NUNN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MARION, - KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their care.

M. E. FOHS, Merchant Tailor, MARION, KY.

Just received a fine line of Fall and Winter goods. Pants to Order \$1.00 and upwards, Suits to Order \$15.00 and upwards. Fit Given and Tailor to the Point.

CO & SWARR, THE BEST LINE, LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS.

ALSO FROM AND TO CINCINNATI AND EVANSVILLE. Do not purchase a Ticket—NORTH, EAST, SOUTH OR WEST Until you have consulted an Agent of the C. O. & S. W. R. R.

LIMITED TRAINS. PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS, MODERN EQUIPMENT. JOHN ECHOLS, T. B. LYNCH, GEN. MGR., GEN. PASS. AGT., LOUISVILLE, KY.

L. St. L. & T. R. R. TIME CARD. GOING EAST.

No. 52. No. 51. Lv Henderson.....7:30 A. M. 2:55 P. M. Ar Louisville.....1:00 P. M. 8:30 P. M.

GOING WEST. No. 53. No. 51. Lv Louisville.....8:30 P. M. 7:45 A. M. Ar Henderson.....12:10 A. M. 1:30 P. M.

H. C. MORDUK, G. P. A., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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ROUTE OF THE CHICAGO AND NASHVILLE LIMITED. THE ONLY PULLMAN Vestibule Train Service with Newest and Finest Day Coaches, Sleepers and Dining Cars.

FROM THE SOUTH TO—Terre Haute, Indianapolis, CHICAGO, Milwaukee, St. Paul, AND ALL POINTS IN THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST.

PATENTS. Caveats and Trade-Marks obtained, and all patent business conducted for ROBERT F. FISK. My office is in the immediate vicinity of the Patent Office, and facilities for securing patents are unsurpassed. Send model, sketch or photograph of invention, with description and statement as to its character and use. No charge for making an opinion as to patentability, and no fee for preparing the application until and unless the "Inventor's Guide" containing full information is sent free. All questions considered as strictly confidential. FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, 627 7th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. We dreamed of bliss, But never knew The bliss of having Dreams come true. Until, for very pity's sake, The Fairbank firm commenced to make The soap that in our dreams we planned: That celebrated, well-known brand—

CLAIRETTE SOAP. SOLD EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

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Customers will find our stock complete in BOOKS, STATIONERY, BRUSHES, SPONGES, ETC., FINE SOAPS, OILS, LEAD. Prescriptions from Dispensaries, Physicians, etc., filled at all hours, Day or Night, Accurately. We also handle Pure Brandy, Liqueurs and Wines; prices from \$1 to \$5 per gallon.

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